

TRIVIA:

OR, THE

ART of WALKING

THE

STREETS of LONDON.

By Mr. GAR.

*Quo te Mæri pedes ? An, quo via ducit, in
Urbem ? Virg.*



London : Printed for Bernard Lintott, at the Cross-Keys between the Temple Gates in Fleet-street : And Reprinted in Dublin, by S. Powell in Copper-Alley ; for G. Risk at the London in Dames-street, where may be had the Tragedy of Jane Gray, with her Life ; and other New Plays, Maps, &c. 1716.

1607/4227



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE World, I believe, will take so little Notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The Criticks may see by this Poem, that I walk on Foot, which probably may save me from their Envy. I should be sorry to raise that Passion in Men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allowed me an Honour hitherto only shown to better Writers : That of denying me to be the Author of my own Works. I am sensible this must be done in pure Generosity ; because whoever writ them, provided they did not themselves, they are still in the same Condition.

Gentlemen,

Advertisement.

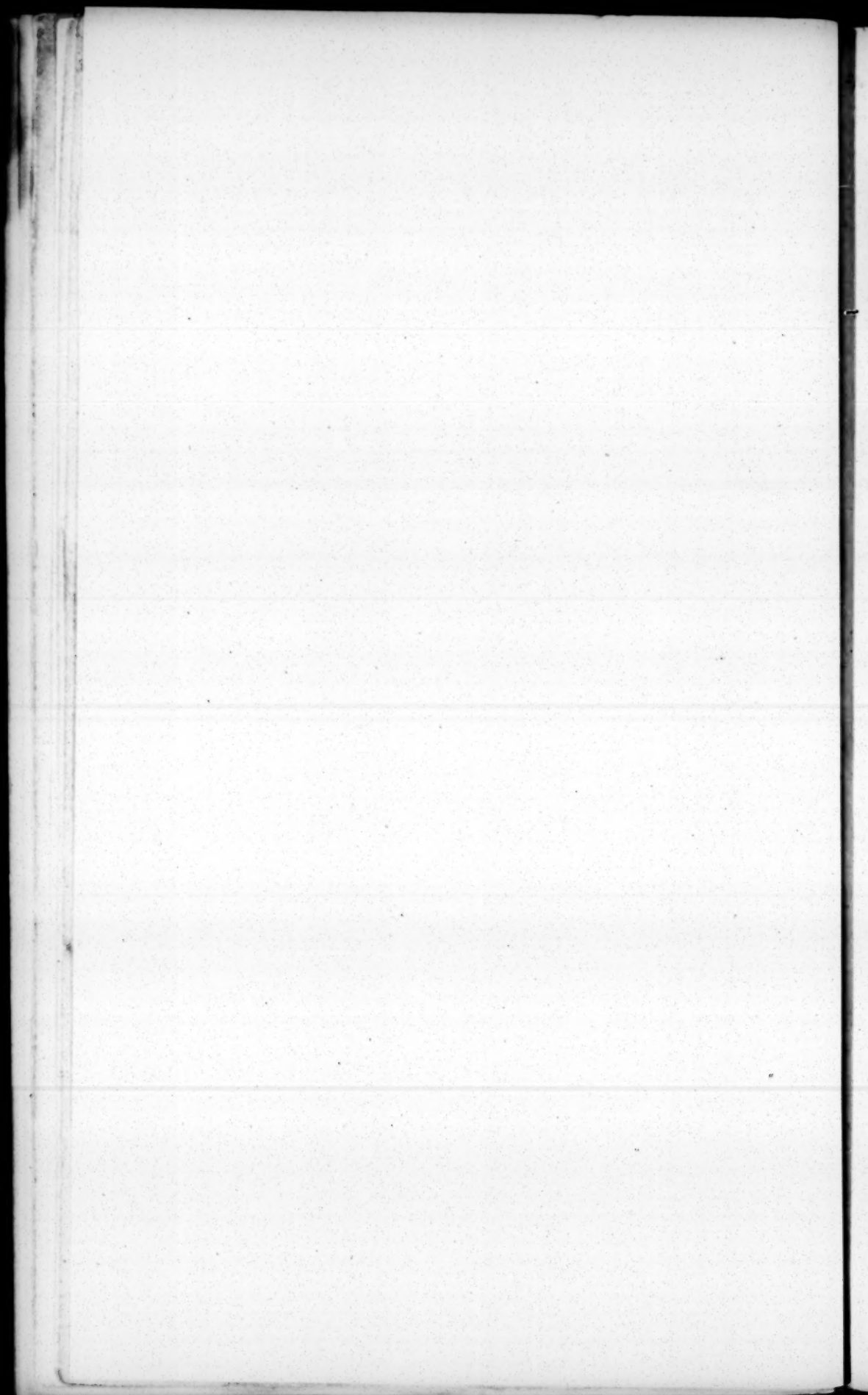
Gentlemen, If there be any thing in this Poem, good enough to displease you, and if it be any Advantage to you to ascribe it to some Person of greater Merit ; I shall acquaint you for your Comfort, that among many other Obligations, I owe several Hints of it to Dr. Swift. And if you will so far continue your Favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following Motto.

---Non tu, in Triviis, Indocte, solebas
Stidenti, miserum, stipulâ, disperdere Carmen ?



TRIVIA.

247 GAY, John: Trivia: or, the Art of Walking the Streets of London. London:
printed for Bernard Lintott: and reprinted in Dublin by S. Powell for G. Risk 1716.
12mo, wrappers. £9 10s.
First Irish edition.





TRIVIA.

BOOK I.

*Of the Implements for walking the Streets, and
Signs of the Weather.*

THrough Winter Streets to steer your Course aright,
How to walk clean by Day, and safe by Night,
How jostling Crouds, with Prudence, to decline,
When to assert the Wall, and when resign,
I sing : Thou *Trivia*, Goddess, aid my Song,
Thro' spacious Streets conduct thy Bard along :
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding Alleys lead the doubtful Way,
The silent Court, and op'ning Square explore,
And long perplexing Lanes untrod before.

To pave thy Realm, and smoothe the broken Ways,
 Earth from her Womb a flinty Tribute pays ;
 For thee, the sturdy Pavior thumps the Ground,
 Whilst ev'ry Stroke his lab'ring Lungs resound ;
 For thee, the Scavenger bids Kennels glide
 Within their Bounds, and Heaps of Dirt subside.
 My youthful Bosom burns with Thirst of Fame,
 From the great Theme to build a glorious Name,
 To tread in Paths to ancient Bards unknown,
 And bind my Temples with a *Civic* Crown ;
 But more, my Country's Love demands the Lays,
 My Country's be the Profit, mine the Praise.

When the *Black Youth* at chosen Stands rejoice,
 And *clean your Shoes* resounds from ev'ry Voice ;
 When late their miry Sides Stage-Coaches show,
 And their stiff Horses thro' the Town move slow ;
 When all the *Mall* in leafy Ruin lies,
 And Damsels first renew their Oyster Cries :
 Then let the prudent Walker Shoes provide,
 Not of the *Spanish* or *Morocco* Hide ;
 The wooden Heel may raise the Dancer's Bound,
 And with the 'scallop'd Top his Step be crown'd :
 Let firm, well-hammer'd Soles protect thy Feet
 Thro' freezing Snows, and Rains, and soaking Sleet.
 Should the big Laste extend the Shoe too wide,
 Each Stone will wrench th' Step aside :

of Shoes.

The



The sudden Turn may stretch the swelling Vein,
 Thy cracking Joint unhinge, or Ankle sprain;
 And when too short the modish Shoes are worn,
 You'll judge the Seasons by your shooting Corn.

Nor should it prove thy less important Care, Of Coats;
 To chuse a proper Coat for Winter's Wear.
 Now in thy Trunk thy *Doily* Habit fold,
 Thy silken Drugget ill can fence the Cold;
 The Frieze's spongy Nap is soak'd with Rain,
 And Show'rs soon drench the Camlet's cockled Grain.
 True *Witney* Broad-cloth with it's Shag unshorn,
 Unpierc'd is in the lasting Tempest worn:
 Be this the Horse-man's Fence; for who would wear
 Amid the Town the Spoils of *Russia's* Bear?
 Within the *Roquelaure's* Clasp thy Hands are pent
 Hands, that stretch'd forth invading Harms prevent.
 Let the loop'd *Bavaroy* the Fop embrace,
 Or his deep Cloak be spatter'd o'er with Lace.
 That Garment best the Winter's Rage defends,
 Whose shapeless Form in ample Plaits depends;
 By *various Names in various Countries known,
 Yet held in all the true *Surtout* alone:
 Be thine of *Kersey* firm, though small the Cost,
 Then brave unwet the Rain, unchill'd the Frost.

* *A. Joseph,*
a Wrap-up
cal, &c.

If the strong Cane support thy walking Hand,
 Chairmen no longer shall the Wall command ;
 Ev'n sturdy Car-men shall thy Nod obey,
 And rattling Coaches stop to make thee Way :
 This shall direct thy cautious Tread aright,
 Though not one glaring Lamp enliven Night.
 Let Beaus their Canes with Amber tipt produce,
 Be theirs for empty Show, but thine for Use.
 In gilded Chariots while they loll at Ease,
 And lazily insure a Life's Disease ;
 While softer Chairs the tawdry Load convey
 To Court, to *White's*, Assemblies, or the Play ;
 Rosie-complexion'd Health thy Steps attends,
 And Exercise thy lasting Youth defends.
 Imprudent Men Heav'n's choicest Gifts prophane.
 Thus some beneath their Arm support the Cane ;
 The dirty Point oft checks the careless Pace,
 And miry Spots thy clean Cravat disgrace :
 O ! may I never such Misfortune meet,
 May no such vicious Walkers croud the Street,
 May Providence o'er-shade me with her Wings,
 While the bold Mule experienc'd Danger sings.

Not that I wander from my native Home,
 And tempting Perils foreign Cities roam.
 Let *Paris* be the Theme of *Gallia's* Muse,
 Where Slav'ry treads the Streets in wooden Shoes ;

Of Canes.

Nor

Nor do I rove in *Belgia's* frozen Clime,
And teach the clumsy Boor to skate in Rhyme,
Where, if the warmer Clouds in Rain descend,
No miry Ways industrious Steps offend,
The rushing Floods from sloping Pavements pours,
And blackens the Canals with dirty Show'rs.
Let others *Naples* smoother Streets rehearse,
And with proud *Roman* Structures grace their Verse,
Where frequent Murders wake the Night with Groans,
And Blood in purple Torrents dies the Stones :
Nor shall the Muse through narrow *Venice* stray,
Where *Gondola's* their painted Oars display.
O happy Streets to rumbling Wheels unknown,
No Carts, no Coaches shake the floating Town !
Thus was of old *Britannia's* City bless'd,
E'er Pride and Luxury her Sons possess'd :
Coaches and Chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
Nor late invented Chairs perplex'd the way :
Then the proud Lady trip'd along the Town,
And tuck'd up Petticoats secur'd her Gown,
Her rosie Cheek with distant Visits glow'd,
And Exercise unartful Charms bestow'd ;
But since in braided Gold her Foot is bound,
And a long trailing Manteau sweeps the Ground,
Her Shoe disdains the Street : the lazy Fair,
With narrow Steps affects a limping Air.

Now gaudy Pride corrupts the lavish Age,
 And the Streets flame with glaring Equipage ;
 The tricking Gamester insolently Rides,
 With *Loves* and *Graces* on his Chariots Sides ;
 In sawcy State the griping Broker sits,
 And laughs at Honesty, and trudging Wits :
 For you, O honest Men, these useful Lays
 The Muse prepares ; I seek no other Praise.

When Sleep is first disturb'd by Morning Cries, *of the Weather.*
 From sure Prognosticks learn to know the Skies,
 Lest you of Rheums and Coughs at Night complain,
 Surpriz'd in dreary Fogs, or driving Rain.

When suffocating Mists obscure the Morn,
 Let thy worst Wig, long us'd to Storms, be worn ;
 This knows the powder'd Footman, and with Care,
 Beneath his flapping Hat, secures his Hair.
 Be thou, for ev'ry Season, justly drest,
 Nor brave the piercing Frost with open Breast ;
 And when the bursting Clouds a Deluge pour,
 Let thy Surtout defend the drenching Show'r.

The changing Weather certain Signs reveal, *Signs of cold Weather.*
 E'er Winter sheds her Snow, or Frosts congeal ;
 You'll see the Coals in brighter Flame aspire,
 And Sulphur tinge with blue the rising Fire :

Your

Your tender Shins the scorchings Heat decline,
 And at the Dearth of Coals the Poor repine ;
 Before her Kitchin Hearth, the nodding Dame
 In Flannel Mantle wrapt, enjoys the Flame ;
 Hov'ring, upon her feeble Knees she bends,
 And all around the grateful Warmth ascends.

Nor do less certain Signs the Town advise,
 Of milder Weather, and serener Skies.

*Signs of fair
 Weather.*

The Ladies gayly dress'd, the Mall adorn
 With various Dyes, and paint the sunny Morn ;
 The wanton Fawns with frisking Pleasure range,
 And chirping Sparrows greet the welcome Change :
 Not that their Minds with greater Skill are fraught,
 Endu'd by Instinct, or by Reason taught,
 The Seasons operate on every Breast ;
 'Tis hence that Fawns are brisk, and Ladies dress'd.
 When on his Box the nodding Coachman snores,
 And dreams of fancy'd Fares ; when Tavern Doors
 The Chairmen idly croud ; then ne'er refuse
 To trust thy busy Steps in thinner Shoes.

But when the swinging Signs your Ears offend
 With creaking Noise, then rainy Floods impend ;
 Soon shall the Kennels swell with rapid Streams,
 And rush in muddy Torrents to the Thames.

*Signs of
 rainy Weather.*

The Bookseller, whose Shop's an open Square,
 Foresees the Tempest, and with early Care
 Of Learning strips the Rails; the rowing Crew
 To tempt a Fare, cloath all their Tilts in Blue:
 On Hosier's Poles depending Stockings ty'd,
 Flag with the slacken'd Gale, from side to side;
 Church-Monuments foretell the changing Air;
 Then *Niobe* dissolves into a Tear,
 And sweats with secret Grief; you'll hear the Sounds
 Of whistling Winds, e'er Kennels break their Bounds;
 Ungrateful Odours Common-shores diffuse,
 And dropping Vaults distil unwholsom Dews,
 E'er the Tiles rattle with the smoaking Show'r,
 And Spouts on heedless Men their Torrents pour.

All Superstition from thy Breast repel.
 Let cred'lous Boys, and prattling Nurses tell,
 How, if the Festival of *Paul* be clear,
 Plenty from lib'ral Horn shall strow the Year;
 When the dark Skies dissolve in Snows or Rain,
 The lab'ring Hind shall yoke the Steer in vain;
 But if the threatening Winds in Tempests roar,
 Then War shall bathe her wasteful Sword in Gore.
 How, if on *Swithin's* Feast the Welkin lours,
 And ev'ry Penthouse streams with hasty Show'rs,
 Twice twenty Days shall Clouds their Fleeces drain,
 And wash the Pavement with incessant Rain.

*Superstition to
 be avoided.*

Let

Let not such vulgar Tales debase thy Mind;
 Not *Paul* nor *Swithin* rule the Clouds and Wind.

If you the Precept of the Muse despise,
 And slight the faithful Warnings of the Skies,
 Others you'll see, when all the Town's afloat,
 Wrapt in th'Embraces of a *Kersey Coat*,
 Or double-button'd Freize ; their guarded Feet
 Defie the muddy Dangers of the Street,
 While you, with Hat unloop'd, the Fury dread
 Of Spouts high-streaming, and with cautious Tread
 Shun ev'ry dashing Pool ; or idly stop,
 To seek the kind Protection of a Shop.
 But Bus'ness summons ; Now with hasty Scud
 You jostle for the Wall ; the spatter'd Mud
 Hides all thy Hose behind ; in vain you scow'r,
 The Wig alas ! uncurl'd, admits the Show'r.
 So fierce *Aleto's* snaky Tresses fell,
 When *Orpheus* charm'd the rig'rous Pow'rs of Hell.
 Or thus hung *Glaucus'* Beard, with briny Dew
 Clotted and strait, when first his am'rous View
 Surpris'd the bathing Fair ; the frightened Maid
 Now stands a Rock, transform'd by *Circe's* Aid.

Good Huswives all the Winter's Rage despise,
 Defended by the Riding-hood's Disguise ;

*Implements
 proper for
 female Wal-
 kers.*

Or

Or underneath th' *Umbrella's* oily Shed,
 Safe through the Wet on clinking Pattens tread.
 Let *Persian* Dames th' *Umbrella's* Ribs display,
 To guard their Beauties from the sunny Ray ;
 Or sweating Slaves support the shady Load,
 When Eastern Monarchs shew their State abroad ;
Britain in Winter only knows its Aid,
 To guard from chilly Show'rs the walking Maid.
 But, O ! forget not, Muse, the *Patten's* Praise,
 That female Implement shall grace thy Lays ;
 Say from what Art Divine th' Invention came,
 And from its Origine deduce the Name.

Where *Lincoln* wide extends her fenny Soil,
 A goodly Yeoman liv'd, grown white with Toil ;
 One only Daughter blest his Nuptial Bed,
 Who from her infant Hand the Poultry fed :
Martha (her careful Mother's Name) she bore,
 But now her careful Mother was no more.
 Whilst on her Father's Knee the Damsel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling Maid ;
 As Years increas'd, her ruddy Beauty grew,
 And *Patty's* Fame o'er all the Village flew.

*An Episode
 of the In-
 vention of
 Pattens.*

Soon as the blushing Morning warms the Skies,
 And in the doubtful Day the Woodcock flies,

Her

Her cleanly Pail the pretty Hufwife bears,
 And finging to the diftant Field repairs :
 And when the Plains with ev'ning Dews are fpread,
 The milky Burthen fmoaks upon her Head.
 Deep, thro' a miry Lane fhe pick'd her Way,
 Above her Ankle rofe the chalky Clay.

Vulcan, by chance, the bloomy Maiden fpies,
 With Innocence and Beauty in her Eyes,
 He faw, he lov'd ; for yet he ne'er had known
 Sweet Innocence and Beauty met in One.
 Ah *Mulciber* ! recall thy nuptial Vows,
 Think on the Graces of thy *Paphian* Spoufe,
 Think how her Eyes dart inexhausted Charms,
 And canft thou leave her Bed for *Patty's* Arms ?

The *Lemnian* Pow'r forfakes the Realms above,
 His Bosom glowing with terreftrial Love :
 Far in the Lane, a lonely Hut he found,
 No Tenant ventur'd on th' unwholesome Ground.
 Here fmoaks his Forge, he bares his finewy Arm,
 And early Strokes the founding Anvil warm ;
 Around his Shop the fteely Sparkles flew,
 As for the Steed he fhap'd the bending Shoe.

When blue-ey'd *Patty* near his Window came,
 His Anvil refts, his Forge forgets to flame.

To hear his soothing Tales, she feigns Delays ;
What Woman can resist the Force of Praise ?

At first she coyly ev'ry Kiss withstood,
And all her Cheek was flush'd with modest Blood :
With headless Nails he now surrounds her Shoes,
To save her Steps from Rains and piercing Dews ;
She lik'd his soothing Tales, his Presents wore,
And granted Kisses, but would grant no more.
Yet Winter chill'd her Feet, with Cold she pines,
And on her Cheek the fading Rose declines ;
No more her humid Eyes their Lustre boast,
And in hoarse Sounds her melting Voice is lost.

This *Vulcan* saw, and in his heav'nly Thought,
A new Machine Mechanick Fancy wrought,
Above the Mire her shelter'd Steps to raise,
And bear her safely through the Wintry Ways.
Strait the new Engine on his Anvil glows,
And the pale Virgin on the Patten rose.
No more her Lungs are shook with dropping Rheums,
And on her Cheek reviving Beauty blooms.
The God obtain'd his Suit, though Flatt'ry fail,
Presents with Female Virtue must prevail.
The Patten now supports each frugal Dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd *Patty* takes the Name.

T R I V I A.



TRIVIA

BOOK II.

Of Walking the Streets by Day.

THus far the Muse has trac'd in useful Lays,
 The proper Implements for Wintry Ways ;
 Has taught the Walker, with judicious Eyes,
 To read the various Warnings of the Skies.
 Now venture, Muse, from Home to range the Town,
 And for the publick Safety risque thy own.

For Ease and for Dispatch, the Morning's best : *The Mor-*
ning.
 No Tides of Passengers the Street molest.
 You'll see a draggled Damsel, here and there,
 From *Billingsgate* her fishy Traffick bear ;

On Doors the fallow Milk-maid chalks her Gains ;
 Ah ! how unlike the Milk-maid of the Plains !
 Before proud Gates attending Asses bray,
 Or arrogate with solemn Pace the Way ;
 These grave Physicians with their milky Chear,
 The Love-sick Maid, and dwindling Beau repair ;
 Here Rows of Drummers stand in martial File,
 And with their Vellom-Thunder shake the Pile,
 To greet the new-made Bride. Are Sounds like these,
 The proper Prelude to a State of Peace ?
 Now Industry awakes her busy Sons,
 Full charg'd with News the breathless Hawker runs :
 Shops open, Coaches roll, Carts shake the Ground,
 And all the Streets with passing Cries resound.

If cloath'd in Black, you tread the busy Town, *What Trade*
 Or if distinguish'd by the rev'rend Gown, *prejudicial*
 Three Trades avoid ; oft' in the mingling Press, *Walkers.*
 The Barber's Apron soils the fable Dress ;
 Shun the Perfumer's Touch with cautious Eye,
 Nor let the Baker's Step advance too nigh :
 Ye Walkers too that youthful Colours wear,
 Three fallying Trades avoid with equal Care ;
 The little Chimney-Sweeper skulks along,
 And marks with sooty Stains the heedless Throng ;
 When Small-coal murmurs in the hoarser Throat,
 From smutty Dingers guard thy threaten'd Coat :

The *Dust-man's* Cart offends thy Cloaths and Eyes,
 When through the Street a Cloud of Ashes flies ;
 But whether Black, or lighter Dyes are worn,
 The *Chandler's* Basket, on his Shoulder born,
 With Tallow spots thy Coat ; resign the Way,
 To shun the surly *Butcher's* greasy Tray,
Butchers, whose Hands are dy'd with Blood's foul Stain,
 And always foremost in the Hangman's Train.

Let due Civilities be strictly paid.

To whom to
give the Wall.

The Wall surrender to the hooded Maid ;
 Nor let thy sturdy Elbow's hasty Rage
 Jostle the feeble Steps of trembling Age :
 And when the Porter bends beneath his Load,
 And pants for Breath ; clear thou the crouded Road,
 But above all, the groaping Blind direct,
 And from the pressing Throng the Lane protect.
 You'll sometimes meet a Fop, of nicest Tread,
 Whose mantling Peruke veils his empty Head,
 At ev'ry Step he dreads the Wall to lose,
 And risks, to save a Coach, his red-heel'd Shoes ;
 Him, like the *Miller*, pass with Caution by,
 Left from his Shoulder Clouds of Powder fly.
 But when the Bully, with assuming Pace,
 Cocks his broad Hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd Lace,
 Yield not the Way ; defie his strutting Pride,
 And thrust him to the muddy Kennel's side ;

To whom to re-
fuse the Wall.

He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
But mutters coward Curfes as he goes.

If drawn by Bus'ness to a Street unknown, *Of whom to en-
quire the Way.*
Let the sworn Porter point thee through the Town ;
Be sure observe the Signs, for Signs remain,
Like faithful Land-marks to the walking Train.
Seek not from Prentices to learn the Way,
Those fabling Boys will turn thy Steps astray ;
Ask the grave Trafeman to direct thee right,
He ne'er deceives, but when he profits by't.

Where fam'd Saint *Giles's* ancient Limits spread,
An inrail'd Column rears its lofty Head,
Here to sev'n Streets, sev'n Dials count the Day.
And from each other catch the circling Ray.
Here, oft the Peasant, with enquiring Face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from Place to Place ;
He dwells on ev'ry Sign, with stupid Gaze,
Enters the narrow Alley's doubtful Maze,
Trys ev'ry winding Court and Street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary Steps again.
Thus hardy *Theseus*, with intrepid Feet,
Travers'd the dang'rous Labyrinth of *Crete* ;
But still the wandring Passes forc'd his Stay,
Till *Ariadne's* Clue unwinds the Way.

But

But do not thou, like that bold Chief, confide
 Thy ventrous Footsteps to a female Guide ;
 She'll lead thee with delusive Smiles along,
 Dive in thy Fob, and drop thee in the Throng.

When waggish Boys the stunted Beesom ply, *Useful Precepts.*
 To rid the slabby Pavement ; pass not by
 E'er thou hast held their Hands ; some heedless Flirt
 Will over-spread thy Calves with spatt'ring Dirt.
 Where Porters Hogsheads roll from Carts aslope ;
 Or Brewers down steep Cellars stretch the Rope,
 Where counted Billets are by Carmen tost ;
 Stay thy rash Steps, and walk without the Post.

Where elevated o'er the gaping Croud,
 Clasp'd in the Board the perjur'd Head is bow'd,
 Betimes retreat ; here, thick as Hail-stones pour,
 Turnips, and half-hatch'd Eggs, (a ming'ed Show'r)
 Among the Rabble rain : Some random Throw
 May with the trickling Yolk thy Cheek o'erflow.

Though Expedition bids, yet never stray *of narrow Streets.*
 Where no rang'd Posts defend the rugged Way.
 Here laden Carts with thundering Waggon meet,
 Wheels clash with Wheel's, and bar the narrow Street ;
 The lashing Whip resounds, the Horses strain,
 And Blood in Anguish bursts the swelling Vein.

O barb'rous Men, your cruel Breasts assuage,
 Why vent ye on the gen'rous Steed your Rage ?
 Does not his Service earn your daily Bread ?
 Your Wives, your Children, by his Labours fed !
 If, as the *Samian* taught, the Soul revives,
 And shifting Seats, in other Bodies lives ;
 Severe shall be the brutal Coachman's Change,
 Doom'd, in a *Hackney-Horse*, the Town to range :
 Carmen, transform'd, the groaning Load shall draw,
 Whom other Tyrants with the Lash, shall awe.

Who would of *Watling-street* the Dangers share, The most in-
convenient
Streets to
Walkers.
 When the broad Pavement of *Cheap-side* is near ?
 Or who * that rugged Street would traverse o'er, * *Thames-
street,*
 That stretches, O *Fleet-ditch*, from thy black Shore
 To the *Tow'rs* moated Walls ? Here Streams ascend
 That, in mix'd Fumes, the wrinkled Nose offend.
 Where Chandlers Cauldrons boil ; where fishy Prey
 Hide the wet Stall, long absent from the Sea ;
 And where the Cleaver chops the Heifer's Spoil,
 And where huge Hogsheds sweat with trainy Oil,
 Thy breathing Nostril hold ; but how shall I
 Pass, where in Piles † *Cornavian* Cheeses lye ; † *Cheshire and
tiently so called,*
 Cheese, that the Table's closing Rites denies,
 And bids me with the unwilling Chaplain rise.

O bear me to the Paths of fair *Pell-mell*, *The Pell-mell celebrated.*
 Safe are thy Pavements, grateful is thy Smell !
 At distance, rolls along the gilded Coach,
 Nor sturdy Carmen on thy Walks encroach ;
 No Lets would bar thy Ways, were Chairs deny'd,
 The soft Supports of Laziness and Pride ;
 Shops breathe Perfumes, thro' Sashes Ribbons glow,
 The mutual Arms of Ladies, and the Beau.
 Yet still ev'n Here, when Rains the Passage hide,
 Off' the loose Stone spirts up a muddy Tide
 Beneath thy careless Foot ; and from on high,
 Where Masons mount the Ladder, Fragments fly ;
 Mortar, and crumbled Lime in Show'rs descend,
 And o'er thy Head destructive Tiles impend.

But sometimes let me leave the noisic Roads, *The Pleasure of walking thro' an Alley.*
 And silent wander in the close Abodes,
 Where Wheels ne'er shake the Ground ; there pensive stray,
 In studious Thought, the long uncrouded Way.
 Here I remark each Walker's different Face,
 And in their Look their various Business trace.
 The Broker here his spacious Beaver wears,
 Upon his Brow sit Jealousies and Cares ;
 Bent on some Mortgage, to avoid Reproach,
 He seeks bye-Streets, and saves th' expensive Coach.
 Soft, at low Doors, old Letchers tap their Cane,
 For fair Recluse, that travels *Drury-lane*.

Here

Here roams uncomb'd, the lavish Rake, to shun
His *Fleet-street* Draper's everlasting Dun.

Careful Observers, studious of the Town,
Shun the Misfortunes that disgrace the Clown.
Untempted, they condemn the Jugler's Feats,
Pass by the *Mense*, nor try the * Thimble's Cheats.
When Drays bound high, they never cross behind,
Where bubbling Yest is blown by Gusts of Wind :
And when up *Ludgate-Hill* huge Carts move slow,
Far from the straining Steeds securely go,
Whose dashing Hoofs, behind them, fling the Mire,
And mark, with muddy Blots, the gazing 'Squire.
The *Parthian* thus his Jav'lin backward throws,
And as he flies, infests pursuing Foes.

*Inconveniences
that attend
those who are
unacquainted
with the Town.*

The thoughtless Wits shall frequent Forfeits pay,
Who 'gainst the Centry's Box discharge their Tax.
Do thou some Court, or secret Corner seek,
Nor flush with Shame the passing Virgin's Cheek.

Yet let me not descend to trivial Song,
Not vulgar Circumstance my Verse prolong ;
Why should I reach the Maid when Torrents pour,
Her Head to shelter from the sudden Show'r ?

*Precepts vul-
garly known.*

* A Cheat, commonly practis'd in the Streets, with three Thimbles and a little Ball.

Nature will best her ready Hand inform,
 With her spread Petticoat to fence the Storm.
 Does not each Walker know the warning Sign,
 When Wisps of Straw depend upon the Twine
 Cross the close Street ; that then the Pavior's Art
 Renews the Ways, deny'd to Coach and Cart ?
 Who knows not, that the Coachman lashing by,
 Oft', with his Flourish cuts the heedless Eye ;
 And when he takes his Stand, to wait a Fare,
 His Horses Foreheads shun the Winter's Air ?
 Nor will I roam, when Summer's sultry Rays
 Parch the dry Ground, and spread with Dust the Ways ;
 With whirling Gusts, the rapid Atoms rise,
 Smoak o'er the Pavement, and involve the Skies.

Winter my Theme confines ; whose nitry Wind *Frosty Weather.*
 Shall crust the slabby Mire. and Kennels bind ;
 She bids the Snow descend in flaky Sheets,
 And in her hoary Mantle cloath the Streets.
 Let not the Virgin tread these slipp'ry Roads,
 The gath'ring Fleece the hollow Patten loads ;
 But if thy Footsteps slide with clotted Frost,
 Strike off the breaking Balls against the Post.
 On silent Wheel the passing Coaches roll ;
 Oft' look behind and ward the threatening Pole.
 In harden'd Orbs the School-boy moulds the Snow,
 To mark the Coachman with a dextrous Throw.

Why

Why do ye, Boys, the Kennel's Surface spread,
 To tempt with faithless Pass the Matron's Tread ?
 How can ye Laugh, to see the Damsel spurn,
 Sink in your Frauds and her green Stocking mourn ?
 At *White's*, the harness'd Chairman idly stands,
 And swings, around his Waste, his tingling Hands :
 The Sempstrefs speeds to 'Change with red-tipt Nose ;
 The *Belgian* Stove beneath her Footstool glows,
 In half-whipt Muffin Needles useless lye,
 And Shuttle-cocks across the Counter fly.
 These Sports warm harmless ; why then will ye prove,
 Deluded Maids, the dang'rous Flame of Love ?

Where *Covent-garden's* famous Temple stands, *The Dangers*
 That boasts the Work of *Jones'* immortal Hands, *of Foot-ball.*
 Columns, with plain Magnificence, appear,
 And graceful Porches lead along the Square :
 Here oft' my Course I bend, when lo ! from far,
 I spy the Furies of the Foot-ball War :
 The 'Prentice quits his Shop, to join the Crew,
 Encreasing Crouds the flying Game pursue.
 Thus, as you roll the Ball o'er snowy Ground,
 The gath'ring Globe augments with ev'ry Round ;
 But whither shall I run ? the Throng draws nigh,
 The Ball now Skims the Street, now soars on high ;
 The dext'rous Glazier strong returns the Bound,
 And jingling Sashes on the Pent-house sound.

O roving Muse, recal that wond'rous Year,
 When Winter reign'd in bleak *Britannia's* Air ;
 When hoary *Thames*, with frosted Oziers crown'd,
 Was three long Moons in icy Fetters bound.
 The Waterman, torlorn along the Shore,
 Pensive reclines upon his useless Oar,
 Sees harness'd Steeds desert the stony Town ;
 And wander Roads unstable, not their own :
 Wheels o'er the harden'd Waters smoothly glide,
 And rase with whiten'd Tracks the slipp'ry Tide.
 Here the fat Cook piles high the blazing Fire,
 And scarce the Spit can turn the Steer entire.
 Booths sudden hide the *Thames*, long Streets appear,
 And num'rous Games proclaim the crouded Fair.
 So when a Gen'ral bids the martial Train
 Spread their Encampment o'er the spacious Plain ;
 Thick-rising Tents a Canvas City build,
 And the loud Dice resound thro' all the Field.
 'Twas here the Matron found a doleful Fate :
 In Elegiac Lay the Woe relate,
 Soft, as the Breath of distant Flutes, at Hours,
 When silent Ev'ning closes up the Flow'rs ;
 Lulling, as falling Water's hollow noise ;
 Indulging Grief, like *Philomela's* Voice.

Dole ev'ry Day had walk'd these treach'rous Roads ;
 Her Neck grew warpt beneath autumnal Loads

*An Episode
 of the great
 Frost.*

Of various Fruit ; she now a Basket bore,
 That Head, alas ! shall Basket bear no more.
 Each Booth she frequent past, in quest of Gain,
 And Boys with pleasure heard her shrilling Strain.
 Ah Doll ! all Mortals must resign their Breath,
 And Industry it self submit to Death !
 The cracking Crystal yields, she sinks, she dyes,
 Her Head, chopt off, from her lost Shoulders flies :
 Pippins she cry'd, but Death her Voice confounds,
 And Pip-Pip-Pip along the Ice resounds.
 So when the *Thracian* Furies *Orpheus* tore,
 And left his bleeding Trunk deform'd with Gore,
 His sever'd Head floats down the silver Tide,
 His yet warm Tongue for his lost Consort cry'd ;
Eurydice, with quiv'ring Voice, he mourn'd,
 And *Heber's* Banks *Eurydice* return'd.

But now the western Gale the Flood unbinds,
 And black'ning Clouds move on with warmer Winds ;
 The wooden Town its frail Foundation leaves,
 And *Thames'* full Urn rolls down his plenteous Waves :
 From ev'ry Penthouse streams the fleeting Snow,
 And with dissolving Frost the Pavements flow.

Experienc'd Men, inur'd to City Ways,
 Need not the *Calendar* to count their Days.

*How to know
 the Days of
 the Week.*

When

When through the Town, with slow and solemn Air,
 Led by the Nostril, walks the muzled Bear ;
 Behind him moves majestically dull,
 The Pride of *Hockley-hole*, the surly Bull ;
 Learn hence the Periods of the Week to name,
Mondays and *Thursdays* are the Days of Game.

When fishy Stalls with double Store are laid ;
 The golden-belly'd Carp, the broad-finn'd Maid,
 Red-speckled Trouts, the Salmon's silver Jowl,
 The jointed Lobster, and unscaley Soale,
 And luscious 'Scallops, to allure the Tastes
 Of rigid Zealots to delicious Fasts ;
Wednesdays and *Fridays* you'll observe from hence,
 Days, when our Sires were doom'd to Abstinence.

When dirty Waters from Balconies drop,
 And dextrous Damsels twirle the sprinkling Mop,
 And cleanse the spatter'd Sash, and scrub the Stairs ;
 Know *Saturday's* conclusive Morn appears.

Succeffive Crys the Season's Change declare,
 And mark the Monthly Progress of the Year.
 Hark how the Streets with treble Voices ring,
 To sell the bounteous Product of the Spring !
 Sweet-smelling Flow'rs, and Elders early Bud,
 With Nettle's tender Shoots, to cleanse the Blood ;

*Remarks on
 the Cry of
 the Town.*

And when *June's* Thunder cools the sultry Skies,
 Ev'n *Sundays* are prophan'd by Mackrell Cries.

Wallnuts the *Fruit'rer's* Hand, in Autumn, stain,
 Blue Plumbs, and juicy Pears augment his Gain ;
 Next Oranges the longing Boys entice,
 To trust their Copper-Fortunes to the Dice.

When Rosemary, and Bays, the Poet's Crown, *of christmas*
 Are bawl'd, in frequent Cries, through all the Town,
 Then judge the Festival of *Christmas* near,
Christmas, the joyous Period of the Year.
 Now with bright Holly all your Temples strow,
 With Laurel green, and sacred Mistletoe.
 Now, Heav'n-born *Charity*, thy Blessings shed ;
 Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly Head :
 Bid shiv'ring Limbs be warm ; let Plenty's Bowle,
 In humble Roofs, make glad the needy Soul.
 See, see, the Heav'n-born Maid her Blessings shed.
 Lo ! meagre Want uprears her sickly Head ;
 Cloath'd are the Naked, and the Needy glad,
 While selfish Avarice alone is sad.

Proud Coaches pass, regardless of the Moan,
 Of Infant Orphans, and the Widow's Groan ;
 While Charity still moves the Walker's Mind,
 His lib'ral Purse relieves the Lame and Blind.

*Precepts of
 Charity.*

Judiciously My

Judiciously thy Half-pence are bestow'd,
Where the laborious Beggar sweeps the Road.
Whate'er you give, give ever at Demand,
Nor let Old-Age long stretch his palsy'd Hand.
Those who give late, are importun'd each Day,
And still are teas'd, because they still delay.
If e'er the Miser durst his Farthings spare,
He thinly spreads them through the publick Square,
Where, all beside the Rail, rang'd Beggars lie,
And from each other catch the doleful Cry ;
With Heav'n, for Two-pence, cheaply wipes his Score,
Lifts up his Eyes, and hasts to beggar more.

Where the brass Knocker, wrapt in Flannel Band,
Forbids the Thunder of the Footman's Hand ;
Th' Upholder, rueful Harbinger of Death
Waits with Impatience, for the dying Breath ;
As Vultures, o'er a Camp, with hov'ring Flight,
Snuff up the future Carnage of the Fight.
Here canst thou pass, unmindful of a Pray'r,
That Heav'n in Mercy may thy Brother spare ?

Come, F*** sincere, experienc'd Friend,
Thy Briefs, thy Deeds, and ev'n thy Fees suspend ;
Come, let us leave the *Temple's* silent Walls,
My Bus'ness to my distant Lodging calls :

Through the long *Strand* together let us stray,
 With thee conversing, I forget the Way.
 Behold that narrow Street, which steep descends,
 Whose Building to the slimy Shore extends ;
 Here *Arundell's* fam'd Structure rear'd its Frame,
 The Street alone retains an empty Name :
 Where *Titian's* glowing Paint the Canvas warm'd,
 And *Raphael's* fair Design, with Judgment, charm'd,
 Now hangs the Bell-man's Song, and pasted here,
 The colour'd Prints of *Overton* appear.
 Where Statues breath'd, the Work of *Phidias' Hands*,
 A wooden Pump, or lonely Watch-house stands.
 There *Essex* stately Pile adorn'd the Shore,
 There *Cecil's*, *Bedford's*, *Viller's*, now no more.
 Yet *Burlington's* fair Palace still remains ;
 Beauty within, without Proportion reigns.
 Beneath his Eye declining Art revives,
 The Wall with animated Picture lives ;
 There *Hendel* strikes the Strings, the melting Strain
 Transports the Soul, and thrills through ev'ry Vein ;
 There oft' I enter (but with cleaner Shoes)
 For *Burlington's* belov'd by ev'ry Muse.

O ye associate Walkers, O my Friends,
 Upon your Stare what Happiness attends !
 What, though no Coach to frequent Visit rolls,
 Nor for your Shilling Chairmen sling their Poles ;

*The Happiness
 of Walkers.*

Yet

Yet still your Nerves rheumatic Pains defy,
 Nor lazy Jaundice dulls your Saffron Eye ;
 No wasting Cough discharges Sounds of Death,
 Nor wheezing Asthma heaves in vain for Breath ;
 Nor from your restless Couch is heard the Groan
 Of burning Gout, or sedentary Stone.

Let others in the jolting Coach confide,
 Or in the leaky Boat the *Thames* divide ;
 Or, box'd within the Chair, condemn the Street,
 And trust their Safety to another's Feet,
 Still let me walk ; for oft' the sudden Gale
 Ruffles the Tide, and shifts the dang'rous Sail,
 Then shall the Passenger, too late, deplore
 The whelming Billow, and the faithless Oar ;
 The drunken Chairman in the Kennel spurns,
 The Glasses shatters, and his Charge o'erturns.
 Who can recount the Coach's various Harms ;
 The Legs disjointed, and the broken Arms ?

I've seen a Beau, in some ill-fated Hour,
 When o'er the Stones choak'd Kennels swell the Show'r,
 In gilded Chariot loll ; he with Disdain,
 Views spatter'd Passengers, all drench'd in Rain ;
 With Mud fill'd high, the rumbling Cart draws near,
 Now rule thy prancing Steeds, lac'd Charioteer !
 The *Dustman* lashes on with spiteful Rage
 His pond'rous Spokes thy paint'd Wheel engage.

Crush'd is thy Pride, down falls the shrieking Beau;
 The slaby Pavement crystal Fragments strow,
 Black Floods of Mire th' embroider'd Coat disgrace,
 And Mud enwraps the Honours of his Face.
 So when dread *Jove*, the Son of *Phœbus* hurl'd,
 Scarr'd with dark Thunder, to the nether World ;
 The headstrong Couriers tore the silver Reins,
 And the Sun's beamy Ruin gilds the Plains.

If the pale Walker pants with weak'ning Ills,
 His sickly Hand is stor'd with friendly Bills :
 From hence, he learns the seventh-born Doctor's Fame,
 From hence, he learns the cheapest Tailor's Name.

Shall the large Mutton smoak upon your Boards ?
 Such, *Newgate's* copious Market best affords ;
 Would'st thou with mighty Beef augment thy Meal ?
 Seek *Leaden-hall* ; Saint *James's* sends thee Veal.
Thames-street gives Cheeses ; *Covent-garden* Fruits ?
Moor-fields old Books ; and *Monmouth-street* old Suits.
 Hence may'st thou well supply the Wants of Life,
 Support thy Family, and cloath thy Wife.

Volumes, on shelter'd Stalls, expanded lye,
 And various Science lures the learned Eye ;
 The bending Shelves with pond'rous Scholiasts grozn,
 And deep Divines to modern Shops unknown :

Here

Here, like the Bee, that on industrious Wing,
 Collects the various Odours of the Spring,
 Walkers, at leisure, Learning's Flow'rs may spoil,
 Nor watch the Wasting of the Midnight Oil,
 May Morals snatch from *Plutarch's* tatter'd Page,
 A mildew'd *Bacon*, or *Stagyræ's* Sage.
 Here saunt'ring 'Prentices o'er *Otway* weep,
 O'er *Congreve* smile, or over *D * * sleep* ;
 Pleas'd Sempstresses the *Lock's* fam'd *Rape* unfold,
 And † *Squirts* read *Garth*, 'till *Apozems* grow cold.

O *Lintott*, let my Labours obvious lie,
 Rang'd on thy Stall, for ev'ry curious Eye ;
 So shall the Poor these Precepts *gratis* know,
 And to my Verse their future Safeties owe.

What Walker shall his mean Ambition fix,
 On the false Lustre of a Coach and Six ?
 Let the vain Virgin, lur'd by glaring Show,
 Sigh for the Liv'rys of th' embroider'd Beau.

See, yon' bright Chariot on its Harness swing,
 With *Flanders* Mares, and on an arched Spring,
 That Wretch, to gain an Equipage and Place,
 Betray'd his Sister to a lewd Embrace.

† The Name of an Apothecary in the Poem of the Dispensary.

This Coach, that with the blazon'd 'Scutcheon glows;
 Vain of his unknown Race, the Coxcomb shows.
 Here the brib'd Lawyer, sunk in Velvet, sleeps;
 The starving Orphan, as he passes, weeps;
 There flames a Fool, begirt with tinsell'd Slaves,
 Who wastes the Wealth of a whole Race of Knaves.
 That other, with a clustring Train behind,
 Owes his new Honours to a fordid Mind.
 This next in Court Fidelity excells,
 The Publick rifles, and his Country sells.
 May the proud Chariot never be my Fate,
 If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a Rate;
 O rather give me sweet Content on Foot,
 Wrapt in my Vertue, and a good *Sartout*!

T R I V I A.



TRIVIA.

BOOK III.

Of Walking the Streets by Night.

O TRIVIA, Goddess, leave these low Abodes,
 And traverse o'er the wide Ethereal Roads,
 Celestial Queen, put on thy Robes of Light,
 Now Cynthia nam'd, fair Regent of the Night.
 At Sight of thee, the Villian sheaths his Sword,
 Nor scales the Wall, to steal the wealthy Hoard.
 Oh ! may thy Silver Lamp in Heav'n's high Bow'r
 Direct my Footsteps in the Midnight Hour.

When Night first bids the twinkling Stars appear, *The Eve-*
 Or with her cloudy Vest inwraps the Air, *ning.*

Then

Then swarms the busie Street ; with Caution tread,
 Where the Shop-Windows falling threat thy Head ;
 Now Lab'ers home return, and join their Strength
 To bear the tott'ring Plank, or Ladder's Length ;
 Still fix thy Eyes intent upon the Throng,
 And as the Passes open, wind along.

Where the fair Columns of Saint *Clement* stand, Of the Pass of
St. Clements.
 Whose straiten'd Bounds encroach upon the *Strand* ;
 Where the low Penthouse bows the Walker's Head,
 And the rough Pavement wounds the yielding Tread ;
 Where not a Post protects the narrow Space,
 And strung in Twines, Combs dangle in thy Face ;
 Summon at once thy Courage, rouze thy Care,
 Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
 Forth issuing from steep Lanes, the *Collier's* Steeds
 Drag the black Load, another Cart succeeds.
 Team follows Team, Crouds heap'd on Crouds appear,
 And wait impatient, 'till the Road grow clear.
 Now all the Pavement sounds with trampling Feet,
 And the mixt Hurry barricades the Street.
 Entangled here, the Waggon's lengthen'd Team
 Crack the tough Harnes ; Here a pond'rous Beam
 Lies over-turn'd athwart ; For Slaughter fed,
 Here lowing Bullocks raise their horned Head.
 Now Oaths grow loud, with Coaches Coaches jar,
 And the smart Blow provokes the sturdy War ;

From the high Box they whirl the Thong around,
 And with the twining Lash their Shins resound:
 Their Rage ferments, more dang'rous Wounds they try,
 And the Blood gushes down their painful Eye.
 And now on Foot the frowning Warriors light,
 And with their pond'rous Fists renew the Fight ;
 Blow answers Blow, their Cheeks are 'smear'd with Blood,
 Till down they fall, and grappling roll in Mud.
 So when two Boars, in wild * *Ytene* bred,
 Or on *Westphalia's* fatt'ning Chest-nuts fed,
 Gnash their sharp Tusks, and rous'd with equal Fire,
 Dispute the Reign of some luxurious Mire ;
 In the black Flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
 Till their arm'd Jaws distill with Foam and Gore.

Where the Mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
 Nor idly mingle in the noisy Throng,
 Lur'd by the Silver Hilt, amid the Swarm,
 The subtil Artist will thy Side disarm.
 Nor is thy Flaxen Wigg with Safety worn ;
 High on the Shoulder, in the Basket born,
 Lurks the sly Boy ; whose Hand to Rapine bred,
 Plucks off the curling Honours of the Head.
 Here dives the skulking Thief, with practis'd Slight,
 And unfelt Fingers make thy Pocket light.

*of Pick-
Pockets.*

* New Forest in Hampshire, antiently so call'd.

Where's

Where's now thy Watch, with all its Trinkets, flown ?
 And thy late Snuff-Box is no more thy own.
 But lo ! his bolder Thefts some Tradesman spies,
 Swift from his Prey the scudding Lurcher flies ;
 Dext'rous he scapes the Coach, with nimble Bounds,
 While ev'ry honest Tongue *Stop Thief* resounds.
 So speeds the wily Fox, alarm'd by Fear,
 Who lately filch'd the Turkey's callow Care ;
 Hounds following Hounds, grow louder as he flies,
 And injur'd Tenants join the Hunter's Cries.
 Breathless he stumbling falls : Ill-fated Boy !
 Why did not honest Work thy Youth employ ?
 Seiz'd by rough Hands, he's dragg'd amid the Rout,
 And stretch'd beneath the Pump's incessant Spout :
 Or plung'd in miry Ponds, he gasping lies,
 Mud choaks his Mouth, and plaisters o'er his Eyes.

Let not the Ballad-Singer's shrilling Strain
 Amid the Swarm thy list'ning Ear detain :
 Guard well thy Pocket ; for these *Sirens* stand,
 To aid the Labours of the diving Hand ;
 Confed'rate in the Cheat, they draw the Throng,
 And *Cambrick* Handkerchiefs reward the Song.
 But soon as Coach or Cart drives rattling on,
 The Rabble part, in Shoals they backward run.
 So *Jove's* loud Bolts the mingled War divide,
 And *Greece* and *Troy* retreats on either side.

*Of Ballad-
Singers.*

If the rude Throng pour on with furious Pace,
 And hap to break thee from a Friend's Embrace,
 Stop short ; nor struggle thro' the Croud in vain,
 But watch with careful Ey· the passing Train.
 Yet I (perhaps too fond) if chance the Tide
 Tumultuous, bears my Partner from my Side,
 Impatient venture back ; despising Harm,
 I force my Passage where the thickest swarm.
 Thus his lost Bride the *Trojan* sought in vain
 Through Night, and Arms, and Flames, and Hills of Slain.
 Thus *Nisus* wander'd o'er the pathless Grove,
 To find the brave Companion of his Love,
 The pathless Grove in vain he wanders o'er :
Euryalus alas ! is now no more.

*Of walking
 with a
 Friend.*

That Walker, who regardless of his Pace,
 Turns oft' to pore upon the Damsel's Face,
 From Side to Side by thrusting Elbows tost,
 Shall strike his aking Breast against the Post ;
 Or Water, dash'd from fishy Stalls, shall stain
 His hapless Coat with Spirits of scaly Rain.
 But if unvarily he chance to stray,
 Where twirling Turnstiles intercept the Way,
 The thwarting Passenger shall force them round,
 And beat the Wretch half breathless to the Ground.

*Of inadver-
 tent Walkers.*

Let constant Vigilance thy Footsteps guide,
 And wary Circumspection guard thy Side ;
 Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dang'rous Night,
 Nor need th' officious Link-Boy's smoaky Light.
 Thou never wilt attempt to cross the Road,
 Where Alehouse Benches rest the Porter's Load,
 Grievous to heedless Shins ; No Barrow's Wheel,
 That bruises oft' the Truant School-Boy's Heel,
 Behind thee rolling, with insidious Pace,
 Shall mark thy Stocking with a miry Trace.
 Let not thy vent'rous Steps approach too nigh,
 Where gaping wide, low steepy Cellars lie ;
 Should thy Shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
 And overturn the scolding Huckster's Stall,
 The scolding Huckster shall not o'er thee moan,
 But Pence exact for Nuts and Pears o'erthrown.

Though you through cleaner Allies wind by Day,
 To shun the Hurries of the publick Way,
 Yet ne'er to those dark Paths by Night retire ;
 Mind only Safety, and condemn the Mire.
 Then no impervious Courts thy Haste detain,
 Nor sneering Ale-Wives bid thee turn again.

Where *Lincoln's-Inn*, * wide Space, is rail'd around,
 Cross not with vent'rous Step ; there oft' is found

* The Danger of crossing a Square by Night.

The lurking Thief, who while the Day-light shone,
 Made the Walls eccho with his begging Tone :
 That Crutch which late Compassion mov'd, shall wound
 Thy bleeding Head, and sell thee to the Ground.
 Though thou art tempted by the Link-man's Cill,
 Yet trust him not along the lonely Wall ;
 In the Mid-way he'll quench the flaming Brand,
 And share the Booty with the pilf'ring Band.
 Still keep the publick Streets, where oily Rays
 Shot from the Crystal Lamp, o'erspread the Ways.

Happy *Augusta* ! Law-defended Town !

*The Happiness
 of London.*

Here no dark Lanthorns shade the Villain's Frown ;
 No *Spanish* Jealousies thy Lanes infest,
 Nor *Roman* Vengeance stabs th' unwary Breast ?
 Here *Tyranny* ne'er lifts her purple Hand,
 But Liberty and Justice guard the Land ;
 No *Bravos* here profess the bloody Trade,
 Nor is the Church the Murd'rer's Refuge made.

Let not the Chairman, with assuming Stride, *Of Chairmen.*
 Press near the Wall, and rudely thrust thy Side :
 The Laws have set him Bounds ; his servile Feet
 Should ne'er encroach where Posts defend the Street.
 Yet who the Footman's Arrogance can quell,
 Whose Flambeau gilds the Sashes of *Pell-mell* ?

When in long Rank a Train of Torches flame,
 To light the Midnight Visits of the Dame ?
 Others, perhaps, by happier Guidance led,
 May where the Chairman rests, with Safety tread ;
 Whene'er I pass, their Poles unseen below,
 Make my Knee tremble with the jarring Blow.

* If Wheels bar up the Road, where Streets are cross,
 With gentle Words the Coachman's Ear accost :
 He ne'er the Threat, or harsh Command obeys,
 But with Contempt the spatter'd Shoe surveys.
 Now Man with utmost Fortitude thy Soul,
 To cross the Way where Carts and Coaches roll ;
 Yet do not in thy hardy Skill confide,
 Nor rashly risque the Kennel's spacious Stride ;
 Stay till afar the distant Wheel you hear,
 Like dying Thunder in the breaking Air ;
 Thy Foot will slide upon the miry Stone,
 And passing Coaches crush thy tortur'd Bone,
 Or Wheels enclose the Road ; on either Hand
 Pent round with Perils, in the midst you stand,
 And call for Aid in vain ; the Coachman swears,
 And Carmen drive, unmindful of thy Prayers.
 Where wilt thou turn ? ah ! whither wilt thou fly ?
 On ev'ry side the pressing Spokes are nigh.

* of crossing the Street.

So Sailors, while *Charybdis*' Gulphs they shun,
Amaz'd, on *Scylla*'s craggy Dangers run.

Be sure observe where brown *Ostrea* stands, of Oysters.
Who boasts her shelly Ware from *Wallfleet* Sands ;
There may'st thou pass, with safe unmiry Feet,
Where the rais'd Pavement leads athwart the Sreet.
If where *Fleet-Ditch* with muddy Current flows,
You chance to roam : where Oyster-Tubs in Rows
Are rang'd beside the Posts ; there stay thy Haste,
And with the sav'ry Fish indulge thy Taste :
The Damfel's Knite the gaping Shell commands,
While the salt Liquor streams between her Hands.

The Man had sure a Palate cover'd o'er
With Brass or Steel, that on the rocky Shore
First broke the oozy Oyster's pearly Coat,
And risk'd the living Morsel down his Throat.
What will not Lux'ry taste ? Earth, Sea, and Air
Are daily ranack'd for the Bill of Fare.
Blood stuff'd in Skins is *British* Christian's Food,
And *France* robs Marshes of the croaking Brood ;
Spungy *Morells* in strong *Ragousts* are found,
And in the *Soupe* the slimy Snail is drown'd.

When from high Spouts the dashing Torrents fall, *Observations concerning keeping the Wall.*
 Ever be watchful to maintain the Wall ;
 For should'st thou quit thy Ground, the rushing Throng
 Will with impetuous Fury drive along ;
 All press to gain those Honours thou hast lost,
 And rudely shove thee far without the Post.
 Then to retrieve the Shed you strive in vain,
 Dragg'd all o'er, and soak'd in Floods of Rain.
 Yet rather bear the Show'r, and Toils of Mud,
 Than in the doubtful Quarrel risque thy Blood.
 O think on *OEdipus*' detested State,
 And by his Woes be warn'd to shun thy Fate.

Where three Roads join'd, he met his Sire unknown ;
 (Unhappy Sire, but more unhappy Son !)
 Each claim'd the Way, their Swords the Strife decide,
 The hoary Monarch fell, he groan'd and dy'd !
 Hence sprung the fatal Plague that thinn'd thy Reign,
 Thy cursed Incest ! and thy Children slain !
 Hence wert thou doom'd in endless Night to stray
 Through *Theban* Streets, and cheerless group thy Way.

Contemplate, Mortal, on thy fleeting Years ; *Of a Funeral.*
 See, with black Train the Funeral Pomp appears !

Whether

Whether some Heir attends in fable State,
 And mourns with outward Grief a Parents Fate ;
 Or the fair Virgin, nipt in Beauty's Bloom,
 A Croud of Lovers follow to her Tomb.
 Why is the Herse with 'Scutcheons blazon'd round,
 And with the nodding Plume of Ostrich crown'd ?
 No : The Dead know it not, nor Profit gain ;
 It only serves to prove the Living vain.
 How short is Life ! how frail is human Trust !
 Is all this Pomp for laying Dust to Dust ?

Where the nail'd Hoop defends the painted Stall, *Of avoid-*
 Brush not thy sweeping Skirt too near the Wall ; *ing Paint.*
 Thy heedless Sleeve will drink the colour'd Oil,
 And Spot indelible thy Pocket foil.
 Has not wise Nature strung the Legs and Feet
 With firmest Nerves, design'd to walk the Street ?
 Has she not given us Hands to groap aright,
 Amidst the frequent Dangers of the Night ?
 And think'st thou not the double Nostril meant,
 To warn from oily Woes by previous Scent ?

Who can the various City Frauds recite,
 With all the petty Rapines of the Night ?
 Who now the Guinea-Dropper's Bait regards,
 Trick'd by the Sharper's Dice, or Juggler's Cards ?

*Of various-
 cheats for-
 merly in pra-
 dice.*

Why

Why shou'd I warn thee ne'er to join the Fray,
 Where the Sham-Quarrel interrupts the Way?
 Lives there in these our Days so soft a Clown,
 Brav'd by the Bully's Oaths, or threat'ning Frown?
 I need not strict enjoyn the Pocket's Care,
 When from the croud'd *Play* thou lead'st the Fair;
 Who has not here, or Watch, or Snuff-Box lost,
 Or Handkerchiefs that *India's* Shuttle boast?

* O! may thy Virtue guard thee through the Roads
 Of *Drury's* mazy Courts, and dark Abodes.

The Harlots' guileful Paths, who nightly stand,
 Where *Katherine-street* descends into the *Strand*.
 Say, vagrant Muse, their Wiles and subtil Arts,
 To lure the Stranger's unsuspecting Hearts;
 So shall our Youth on healthful Sinews tread,
 And City Cheeks grow warm with rural Red.

† 'Tis She who nightly strowls with saunt'ring Pace,
 No stubborn Stays her yielding Shape embrace;
 Beneath the Lamp her tawdry Ribbons glare,
 The new-scover'd Manteau, and the flattern Air;
 High-draggled Petticoats her Travels show,
 And hallow Cheeks with artful Blushes glow;

* *An Admonition to Virtue.*

† *How to know a Whore.*

With flatt'ring Sounds she sooths the cred'lous Ear,
 My noble Captain ! Charmer ! Love ! my Dear !
 In Riding-hood, near Tavern-Doors she plies,
 Or muffled Pinner hid her livid Eyes.
 With empty Bandbox she delights to range,
 And feigns a distant Errand from the *Change* ;
 Nay, she will oft' the Quaker's Hood prophane,
 And trudge demure the Rounds of *Drury-Lane*,
 She darts from Sarfnet Ambush wily Leers,
 Twitches thy Sleeve, or with familiar Airs,
 Her Fan will pat thy Cheek ; these Snares disdain,
 Nor gaze behind thee, when she turns again.

I knew a Yeoman, who for thirst of Gain,
 To the great City drove from *Devon's Plain*
 His num'rous lowing Herd ; his Herds he sold,
 And his deep leathern Pocket bagg'd with Gold ;
 Drawn by a fraudulent Nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd ;
 Unmindful of his Home, and distant Bride,
 She leads the willing Victim to his Doom,
 Through winding Alleys to her Cobweb Room.
 Thence thro' the Street he reels, from Post to Post,
 Valiant with Wine, nor knows his Treasure lost,
 The vagrant Wretch th' assembled Watchmen spies,
 He waves his Hanger, and their Poles defies ;

*A dreadful
 Example.*

Deep

Deep in the *Round-House* pent, all Night he snores,
And the next Morn in vain his Fate deplores.

Ah hapless Swain, unus'd to Pains and Ills !
Canst thou forgo Roast-Beef for nauseous Pills ?
How wilt thou lift to Heav'n thy Eyes and Hands.
When the long Scroll the Surgeon's Fees demands !
Or else (ye Gods avert that worst Disgrace)
Thy ruin'd Nose falls level with thy Face,
Then shall thy Wife thy loathsome Kifs disdain,
And wholesome Neighbours from thy Mug refrain.

Yet there are * Watchmen, who with friendly Light,
Will teach thy reeling Steps to tread aright ;
For *Sixpence* will support thy helpless Arm,
And Home conduct thee, safe from nightly Harm ;
But if they shake their Lanthorns, from afar,
To call their Breth'ren to confed'rate War,
When Rakes resist their Pow'r ; if hapless you
Should chance to wander with the scow'ring Crew ;
Though Fortune yield thee Captive, ne'er despair,
But seek the Constable's confid'rate Ear ;
He will reverse the Watchman's harsh Decree,
Mov'd by the Rhet'rick of a Silver Fee.
Thus would you gain some fav'rite Courtiers Word ;
Fee not the petty Clarks, but bribe my Lord.

* *Of Watchmen.*

Now is the Time that Rakes their Revells keep ; *of Rakes,*
Kindlers of Riot, Enemies of Sleep.

His scatter'd Pence the flying * *Nicker* flings,
And with the Copper Show'r the Casement rings.
Who has not heard the *Scowrer's* Midnight Fame ?
Who has not trembled at the *Mohock's* Name ?
Was there a Watchman took his hourly Rounds,
Safe from their Blows, or new-invented Wounds ?
I pass their desp'rate Deeds, and Mischiefs done,
Where from *Snow-hill* black steepy Torrents run ;
How Matrons, hoop'd within the Hoghead's Womb,
Were tumbled furious thence, the rolling Tomb
O'er the Stones thunders, bounds from Side to Side.
So *Regulus* to save his Country dy'd.

Where a dim Gleam the paly Lanthorn throws *A necessary*
O'er the mid' Pavement ; heapy Rubbish grows, *Caution in a*
Or arched Vaults their gaping Jaws extend, *dark Night.*
Or the dark Caves to Common-Shores descend.
Oft' by the Winds, extinct the Signal lies,
Or smother'd in the glimm'ring Socket dies,
E'er Night has half roll'd round her Ebon Throne ;
In the wide Gulph the shatter'd Coach o'erthrown.
Sinks with the snorting Steeds ; the Reins are broke,
And from the cracking Axle flies the Spoke.

* *Gentlemen, who delighted to break Windows with Half-pence.*

So when fam'd *Eddystone's* far-shooting Ray,
 That led the Sailor through the stormy Way,
 Was from its rocky Roots by Billows torn,
 And the high Turret in the Whirlewind born,
 Fleets bulg'd their Sides against the craggy Land,
 And pitchy Ruines blacken'd all the Strand.

Who then through Night would hire the harness'd Steed,
 And who would chuse the rattling Wheel for Speed ?

But hark! Distress with screaming Voice draws nigh'r,
 And wakes the slumb'ring Street with Cries of * Fire.
 At first a glowing Red enwraps the Skies,
 And born by Winds the scatt'ring Sparks arise ;
 From Beam to Beam, the fierce Contagion spreads ;
 The spiry Flames now lift aloft their Heads,
 Through the burst Sash a blazing Deluge pours,
 And splitting Tiles descend in rattling Show'rs.
 Now with thick Crouds th' enlighten'd Pavement swarms,
 The Fire-man sweats beneath his crooked Arms,
 A leathern Casque his vent'rous Head defends,
 Boldly he climbs where thickest Smoak ascends ;
 Mov'd by the Mother's streaming Eyes and Pray'rs,
 The helpless Infant through the Flame he bears,

* of Fire.

With

With no less Virtue, than through hostile Fire,
The *Dardan* Hero bore his aged Sire.
See forceful Engines spout their levell'd Streams,
To quench the Blaze that runs along the Beam ;
The grappling Hook plucks Rasters from the Walls,
And Heaps on Heaps the smoaky Ruine falls.
Blown by strong Winds the fiery Tempest roars,
Bears down new Walls, and pours along the Floors:
The Heav'ns are all a-blaze, the Face of Night
Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful Light;
'Twas such a Light involv'd thy Tow'rs, O *Rome*,
The dire Presage of mighty *Cæsar's* Doom,
When the Sun veil'd in Rust his mourning Head,
And frightful Prodigies the Skies o'erspread.
Hark ! the Drum thunders ! far, ye Crouds, retire :
Behold ! the ready Match is tipt with Fire,
The nitrous Store is laid, the smutty Train
With running Blaze awakes the barrell'd Grain ;
Flames sudden wrap the Walls ; with sudden Sound,
The shatter'd Pile sinks on the smoaky Ground.
So when the Years shall have revolv'd the Date,
Th' inevitable Hour of *Naples' Fate*,
Her sap'd Foundations shall with Thunders shake,
And heave and toss upon the sulph'rous Lake ;
Earth's Womb at once the fiery Flood shall rend,
And in th' Abyſs her plunging Tow'rs descend.

Consider, Reader, what Fatigues I've known,
 The Toils, the Perils of the wintry Town;
 What Riots seen, what bustling Crouds I bor'd,
 How oft' I cross where Carts and Coaches roar'd;
 Yet shall I bless my Labours, if Mankind
 Their future Safety from my Dangers find.
 Thus the bold Traveller, inur'd to Toil,
 Whose Steps have printed *Asia's* desert Soil,
 The barb'rous *Arabs* Haunt; or shiv'ring coast
 Dark *Greenland* Mountains of eternal Frost;
 Whom Providence, in length of Years, restores
 To the wish'd Harbour of his native Shores;
 Sets forth his Journals to the publick View,
 To caution, by his Woes, the wandring Crew.

And now compleat my gen'rous Labours lye,
 Finish'd, and ripe for Immortality.
 Death shall entomb in Dust this mould'ring Frame.
 But never th' eternal Part, my Fame.
 When *W** and *G***, mighty Names, are dead;
 Or but at *Chelsea* under Custards read;
 When Criticks crazy Bandboxes repair,
 And Tragedies, turn'd Rockets, bounce in Air;
 High-rais'd on *Fleet-street* Posts, consign'd to Fame,
 This Work shall shine, and Walkers bless my Name.



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